

Dereliction: And the ocean too weeps.

Through restless centuries I have powered
Heroic onslaughts by commanders
Of the great empires.

Across the ages, man has longed to unravel
The mystique that shrouds me.
The scholars of science reach

For me to uncover secrets of the past.
Pioneering men seeking out new lands
Deemed me the crowning conquest.

Mighty industries flourish because of me
And dynasties shaped, by men
Who wove their steel through me.

For entrenched within, like incipient gems,
I meld the very elements with which kingdoms
Power prosperity. Yet no man can own me.

Agile and self-replenishing
I am a mirror of the heavens,
Nestling every rhythm, in cycles rippling.

To the unwitting I am formidable.
But the same seek solace in me;
In the soft, soothing songs
That dance through my being.

I am the cradle of life for billions.

Yet, for all my elegance, I am now bereft.
Wounded. The turning tides, so harsh,
Have left me ravaged; in anguish.

How I yearn to be cherished again. *Grant me the dignity
I deserve.* That dignity which was once unspoken,
Then, almost broken.

To survive, I must search reach clutch
At new ways to reinvent myself.
A mere ritual since times long past.

Except these are dark days
And I face ferocious thunders ahead.
Yes, I am wrenched by the unknown.

Though known by many names, I am unique.
That I might look invincible
Is simply part of the mystique.

Beyond the drifted ocean,
A heroine's grief; spoken.